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short-cut grant of Philippine independence.

The evil done by Governor General Harrison will have to be repaired. No other American is so well equipped as General Wood to lift the insular administration to its former plane of efficiency and helpfulness or to correct the impression that Washington's chief concern in the islands is to discover some little native group to which it may turn over the archipelago's destinies. The General's record as a colonial governor has been superb. He is the one man for a place of exceptional difficulty and importance. And his patriotism is such that he assumes the task laid on him with no other thought than that it lies inescapably in the path of duty.

A Timely Warning

In his War College address the President wisely seized the occasion to deliver a warning. Visionary millennials, who would serve the cause of peace but little know how, are again at the business of arousing false hopes. The coming conference is ecstatically hailed as promising the end of all armament and all war. Mirage painters whose lures appeal to those who delight in the auto-intoxication of vague aspiration may do as much harm at Washington as they did at Versailles.

But there is some risk in uttering a warning. The professional pacifist, although fond of denouncing international suspicion, is himself most suspicious. We may expect to hear that the President's unwillingness to promise Utopia is because he is a militarist, and his words of doubt as to whether there will ever be complete disarmament will be cited as proof.

The President, of course, did not set himself up as a prophet. He is about the last man to claim he knows all the secrets of the future. Nor is he ignorant of the human record. The family, the tribe, the nation—in the development of these mankind has seen an increasing enlargement of areas which settle disputes by means other than those of armed conflict. The ultimate destiny of the human race may well be a universal union—with no more soldiers, and policemen the only agents of force.

Defective human nature, now the bar to making dreams come true, is subject to change. The twin influences of enlightened selfishness and a more active sense of justice are transforming it. Few of our public men have shown stronger faith in better days than has President Harding. Sometimes, indeed, he has been sneered at as a sentimentalist. His common sense tells him that there is need of a monition against expecting too much.

The closer the conference keeps to the ground the more definite good will it do. Armament proceeds from fear. So the first task is to labor to substitute confidence for fear. But fear is often justified, as it was justified when the Entente nations watched Germany getting ready to spring. So the removal of special justification for fear is the second task. Finally, trouble makers must be made to understand that the nations which possess preponderant power propose to hold fast to their union and are likely to march to the assistance of right when it is gravely imperiled.

The conference will have great difficulty in agreeing on formulas for armament limitations; but if wisdom is its guide it can achieve much by mobilizing these mighty impounders whose power even Bismarck recognized and which are the chief deterrents to war. The English common law arose and became strong without a syllable of statute and the common law of a new world can be established with a minimum of written agreement.

"Life More Abundantly"

One of the greatest achievements of modern science was so modestly mentioned the other day that it has passed with little notice. It was the statement of Dr. George W. Hoagland, secretary of the American Insurance Union, that in the last twenty-five years the average span of human life has been lengthened by four years. To this result several sciences have contributed, and to each full credit must be given. But the result stands unique and supreme. It is the consummate triumph of all the arts and sciences of civilization that men shall have life, and shall have it more abundantly. Nothing else counts for quite so much as that. As a work in economics there is nothing like it; the pecuniary value of that extension of life is almost beyond comprehension. As a contribution to human happiness it is incomparable.

Great as this achievement is, it is merely a beginning. If four years of life have been gained in a quarter century, four more may be gained in the next twenty-five years or less. We know, of course, how it has been done—through progress in medicine and surgery and in sanitation, through the conquering and suppression of yellow fever, malaria, cholera, diphtheria, typhoid and other scourges which formerly claimed their multitudes of victims.

But there is still so much to do in similar directions that we might almost say, adopting Paul Jones's words, "We have not yet begun to fight."

We have not yet subdued pneumonia, while cancer, heart diseases and nervous maladies seem actually to be increasing. Reason forbids us to doubt that one day a cure or a preventive of each of them will be found. The plagues which have been conquered are those which rage most in low stages of civilization, and which naturally yielded to the advance of culture. Those which remain are in great measure ills created or aggravated by civilization itself. Surely, if our arts and sciences could eliminate the former they can find a way to avoid propagating the latter.

The Rent Decision

The President of the United Real Estate Owners' Association Speaks To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The unanimous opinion of the Appellate Court of Brooklyn that landlords of housing were entitled to 10 per cent net income on the value of their property, and not on the equity, is the most far-reaching decision that has yet been made by any of the higher courts on the erratic, peculiar and questionable decisions that have been made by the Municipal Court justices ever since the rent laws were placed on the statute books. From now on tenant, landlord and Municipal Court justices will know what a reasonable rent is, which none of the three seemed to have the remotest idea regarding, on account of the erratic court decisions.

This decision will stabilize rental and real estate values and will enable tens of thousands of housing owners to get a reasonable rental, which they do not now get.

The manufacturer, merchant and investment security owner have always been entitled to the net earning power of the capital invested, whether it was "begged, borrowed or stolen"; and why any sane man should imagine that real estate owners should be entitled only to net income on equity instead of on value is one of those things which no fellow can understand.

The United Real Estate Owners' Association has fought for two years to get this very decision written into the statutes by bills it has drafted and introduced, and has endeavored to get the Municipal Court justices and the Mayor's Rent Committee to accept it as a basis of reasonable rent, but it has failed because those chasing tenants' votes opposed it and rent gouging owners also opposed it, as they opposed the rent laws in toto, thinking they could either be killed in the Legislature, in the Court of Appeals or the Supreme Court of the United States. This association felt considerable sympathy for tenants in 1919 and 1920, and while thousands of tenants to-day can properly be sympathized with, the great mass of tenants deserve no sympathy whatsoever. Their idea of a reasonable rent is no rent at all, and they have no hesitation in banding themselves together and fighting all rents, whether agreed upon or otherwise. As an example, one of their greatest leaders, a personal friend of mine, for years has occupied a seven-room and three-bath apartment in a modern apartment house at a rental of \$94 per month. The Mayor's Rent Committee comes out and says that this decision will produce litigation where previously there was none. It will produce litigation. It deserves to produce litigation. It is about time that owners of housing property in New York City had a reasonable rent on their property and that tenants were prevented from being rent gouged by shyster landlords under the present "court discretion."

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President United Real Estate Owners' Association.
New York, Sept. 2, 1921.

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To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Most of the legislation introduced for the ex-service man has been killed, blocked, pigeon-holed or laid on the table because of the game of politics as it is played behind closed doors, with the password "Pass the buck" or "Let George do it." What has become of the adjusted compensation bill, the land preference, the civil service preference bills and many others?

The greatest debt is to the disabled man, and unanimously we declare the disabled veteran must be cared for and no stone left unturned to pay him our debt of gratitude.

Now it is proposed to use army cantonments as so-called vocational schools and to hire professors and instructors to go to these camps to give their lectures. The disabled men are to live in the cantonments. Is it feasible for a man to study law, medicine, engineering, dentistry or any other profession in a cantonment? Will it not be impossible to induce the best instructors to accept a contract? There will be no facilities such as libraries, extra tutors and contact with practical men. In addition, men of all types, characters, whims, likes, dislikes, troubles, hobbies, temperaments, peculiarities, religion, races, will be thrown together; men of different ailments, requiring different treatments, different diets, etc.

The men on the whole are sick of army cantonments and atmosphere. Such a plan will breed dissatisfaction.

HAROLD P. SULLIVAN,
Empire Post 250.
New York, Aug. 31, 1921.

Two-fold Appreciation

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: I hasten to thank you doubly for your article of to-day on "The Davis Monument."

First, for its verbal dress, as a piece of singularly eloquent and impressive English, such as, alas! we seldom read nowadays in the current press; and, second, for its noble and exalted sentiments, which are worthy of the broadest statesmanship and the most benevolent humanitarianism.

The writing and publishing of such an article make the world seem better worth living in.

FRANCIS CHISHOLM,
New York, Sept. 1, 1921.

Our Proud Boast

The announcement that one of our most popular comic illustrators has just purchased another racehorse for a sum declared to be in the neighborhood of \$60,000 will be received with appropriate feelings of respect for such a transaction. Mr. Theodore Dreiser, Mr. H. L. Mencken and other iconoclasts have taken delight from time to time in explaining that America has no art and no literature. But what are they to say to this? Was Michelangelo able to do as much?

It is true that the pictures of many artists now, deceased are commanding prices much higher than

the sum paid for this particular horse. But consider how far America is in advance of the rest of the world when an artist can buy racehorses during his lifetime, instead of having to wait until possibly a hundred years after he is dead to make a decent income. Have we not succeeded in reversing the axiom that "art is long and time is fleeting," and proved that while our art is not short, time is not so fleeting that it cannot be circumvented, with a public so quick to recognize syndicated masterpieces?

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The Conning Tower

BALLADE OF MOURNING

Mine is the moon of a period fed;
Mine is a sorrowful, desolate cry.
Pardon me, gentles, the tears that I shed.
Hark to my plaint and you'll forthwith learn why.
Think of the sorrow and mourning that lie
Waiting our sobs in a single brief line—
Even the line that I herewith supply:
Lips that touch liquor will never touch mine.

Legions of Volstead, most craftily led,
Smote all the bibulous folk, hip and thigh,
Till in the wake of his regiments dread,
Under the glare of his Puritan eye,
All of the drinks have become extra dry;
The blood of the grape is no longer called wine.
Better it were if to pigs it were fed.
Lips that touch liquor will never touch mine.

Commerce destroyers at full speed ahead
Search for the gleam of a sail on the sky,
Where filled with liquor, illicit and red,
Sinister bootlegging schooners now ply.
On the street corners the same game they try.
Opulent gents, at a word or a sign,
Sell you strange drinkables flavored with lye.
Lips that touch liquor will never touch mine.

Beer may still froth, but it's tasteless and dead;
Muses come weep with me; sorrow, all mine.
What is the foam when the spirit has fled?
Lips that touch liquor will never touch mine.

Ireland now explains that her "No" was used only in the purely Hibernian sense of the word.

After a week's experience with West Virginia, the President rises to announce that world disarmament is still a long way off.

"Obregon," says Uncle Abimelech Bogardus, of Preakeens, N. J., "ain't goin' to recognize the American government until he sees how the Battle of Mingo comes out."

Zoo Lyric

There is a creature called the gnu,
Of horns he has exactly got;
He does not smoke or drink or gnu,
I'm certain he'd appeal to you.

CARROLL LEJA.

Candidate Hendrick now explains that he framed the anti-lunching, not the anti-lunching, law, but after two weeks of noonday eating on Park Row we favor the latter measure.

Unless the inventor of the non-refillable bottle feels that his life has been entirely blighted by Mr. Volstead, we do wish he'd devote himself to evolving the non-clattering plate.

Write Your Own Head

Mrs. A. H. Dauer and Miss Adele Kelly, of New Orleans, La., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Garrett B. James, of 308 Burns Street. Mr. and Mrs. James are now spending a week at Bay Shore—Forest Hills Gardens Bulletin.

The charge that Americans are concerned in the assassination of eight Soviet leaders is ridiculous on its face. Why should citizens of this country feel they had to go abroad to kill people?

THEM WAS THE DAYS

Pie

Sir: I rise, as it were, from the grave (belonging to that elderly generation reared in the nineteenth century, which your generation has consigned to oblivion) to say a word in defense of dried apple pies.

In the days when apples were really dried there were no motors to make dust, and the long strings hung out in the sun on Grandmother's porch, blown upon by a sweet wind which came over the Ipswich marshes where the cranberries were ripening. There was a pungent smell of pine, too, from Grandfather's saw mill, and the stillness was broken by the whine of the saw.

The best pies were "turnovers." A small circle of crust was filled on one side and the other side laid over it and doubled under to hold the filling in. When baked you could—and did—take this delectable crescent in your hand and depart through the woodshed to the frosty outdoors, eating as you went.

Of course, a mince turnover was better, but none of you ever scorned the lesser good. However, a generation and a city which is content to pay five cents apiece for Oregon apples—which are dried by nature on the tree—and never tasted a real mince pie, may, I suppose, be excused its ignorance.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

Sir: It surely is a pity you didn't own at least one Ohio grandmother who lived on a farm—preferably near Dayton. Poor thing! Why, you never tasted a near approach to a real dried apple pie. I say nothing of apple butter pie, with a crisp-crust cover, and shoofly pie, with no cover at all!

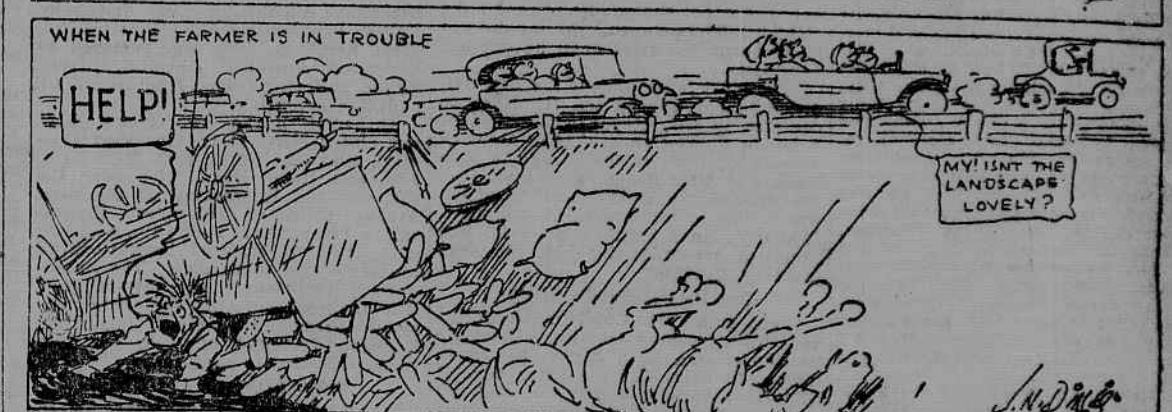
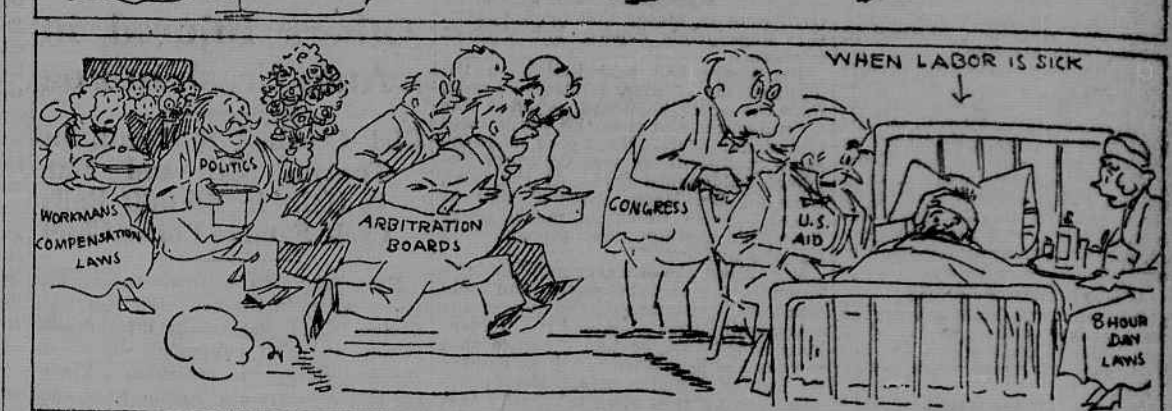
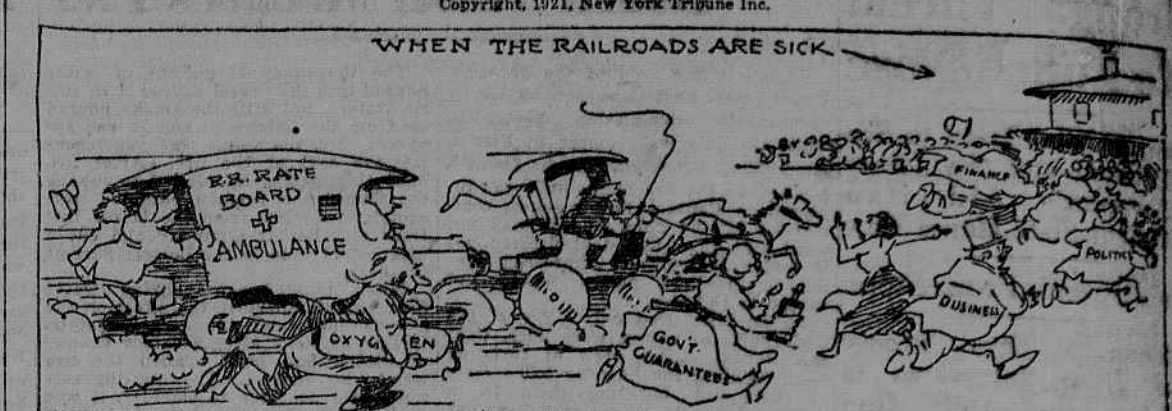
It was always hard to get a fair start on this latter delicacy. Because as I carefully parked myself on the top stone flagging step which led from the winter kitchen—balancing a whole warm pie in my two fat fists (if my stern parent could have seen me; he didn't permit "eating between meals")—my St. Bernard dog immediately took up a strategic position opposite me and attacked the outer rim.

GRETCHEN KROHN.

The Ford Company reports \$56,000,000 in the bank, indicating clearly that the concern's officials don't drive them.

F. V. V.

"BUT NONE FOR THE LITTLE BOY THAT LIVES IN THE LANE"



Books

By Percy Hammond

The program of "Scribner's Magazine" for September is, in part, as follows:

"Being a Waitress in a Boardwalk Hotel"—In which the author, "A Novelist," desiring material for fiction about the working-woman, engaged herself as a waitress in an eminent Atlantic City hospice. She found her employers grasping and her customers, particularly the family of a multimillionaire, greedy and penurious. "What does it all mean," she inquires, "this endless struggle between human moities and human drudges?"

"My Grandmother's Table"—An appetizing chat by William Henry Shelton, describing the savory roasts, sauces, fritters, vegetables and pastries served by his grandmother, who, as a loyal New England woman, "always had pie and cake on the breakfast table." Good reading for the trencherman.

"The Drift of the River Rat"—Estelle Ashe, aided by whimsical pictures by E. M. Ashe, composes the amusing journal of a voyage in a houseboat through the Ohio's lefty surges from Parkersburg to Cincinnati.

"Change for Bokhara"—In a mood of amiable exasperation Katherine Fuller Gerould berates the Kaiser for having disarranged the itineraries of the world, rendering frustrate the desires of persons of wandering tastes. She finds that he has destroyed the literature of travel, abolished the time-tables of the earth, and that now even Cook cannot tell you at what hour you will change for Bokhara. "It used to be about 10:40 a. m., and you changed at Mern," she says.

"The New Pacific"—Guy H. Scholfield discusses informatively the problems of the Pacific Ocean, the trade and other responsibilities of Australia, New Zealand and the United States. America is now irrevocably an Asiatic power, says he, and "the menace to her social structure in the Pacific states compels her, whether she likes it or not, to keep her sword in the side of Asia at Manila."

"Japan's New Woman," an article by Emma Serpente Yule, author of "Filipino Feminism," treating authoritatively and with photographs the progress of the modern woman of Japan.

"The Bribe"—By L. Allen Harker, a short story. It relates how a cruel youth outwitted and humiliated a rich and ancient suitor for the hand of a pretty girl and made money in the procedure.

"The Poor Old English Language"—"The trouble with our English," says Meredith Nicholson, "is that too much is taught and not enough is learned." He considers the memorizing of short passages of verse and prose an important adjunct to the teaching of English by any method.

"Doc Jenny"—A short story in fiction of a great-hearted country doctor. Appealing and not sentimental.

"People by the Wayside"—Marguerite Wilkinson tells of the pleasant and picturesque persons encountered by her and Jim when they take to the open road in their rakish and ramshackle flivver.

"Talisman"—Being the melodramatic adventure of Morgan Thorndyke, a tall, slender, masterful young American, China merchant, with Princess Tai-lo, the most beautiful princess in the Middle Kingdom. They were caught by her huge husband in a moment of suspected infidelity; and the dagger, aimed at Mr. Thorndyke's heart, buried itself fatally beneath Tai-lo's quivering shoulder. He returned to America with Tai-lo's magic amulet of three-colored jade, and by its symbolic influence became married to Veronic Hallet, daughter of Ezra Hallet, his employer. Complete atmosphere and violent episodes by A. Carter Goodloe.

"A Study in Smoke"—Ben, a bitter labor leader employed in the gun foundries of Woolworth, falls into the white-hot metal pouring from a furnace and is digested into the nothingness of carbon. When, thereafter, the sailors fire the six-inch gun made from his molten sepulcher they see his wraithlike figure in the smoke. The gun explodes in battle, killing its crew, and the experts who investigate the disaster find that it was caused by a weakening superfluity of carbon in the steel. Told so well by Shane Leslie that you believe it.

The Service Flag

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: Before our memories of the great war fade quite away it might be well to learn something in regard to certain observances peculiar to this war. Chief among these I place the service flag. Displaying them was a patriotic, suggestive and touching custom and it seems only just that we should know to whom we owe it. I have questioned a number of persons who frankly confess their ignorance and I am sure that a large proportion of your readers would be most grateful if, through your columns, they could learn the origin of this purely American flag.

I should like particularly to know how it was brought to the attention of the public. Was it through the Red Cross, and was it sold for the benefit of that or any other society? A. C. Geneva, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1921.

In Other Words

(From The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin)

Mr. Gompers's hope that "some day the people of the country will demand that Congress restore the sovereign rights of Congress to enact legislation and deny the judicial branch of the government the right to annul it" is only the "recall of judicial decisions" dressed in unnecessary verbiage. Either proposition would be the unsetting of John Marshall as the expounder of the principles of the American Constitution, and that will be a most difficult job.

The Reason Why

(From The San Francisco Chronicle)

Physical deterioration of the citizenry of the United States may have set in with the tide of bootleg. Even Americans cannot be expected to have frames of platinum, tissues of asbestos and constitutions of copper.

Unmasking Hylanism

Henry Curran does well by the people of New York in placing the responsibility for the wrecking of the public school system squarely on the shoulders of the present Hylan-Hearst-Tammany administration. The mayoralty candidate of the fusion forces employs a simple, direct method of speech which no taxpayer, and particularly no voting father or mother, can possibly misunderstand.

"How many schools do you think we have to-day as a product of the present city administration?" Mr. Curran asked of a Brooklyn audience on Thursday night, and, choosing to construe the silence which ensued as meaning none, he answered: "You have guessed wrong. They did build some. The number is two—just two. There is a little addition to a school in the Bronx and there is a new school at Forest Hills, in Queens County. That's all."

"We need to-day at least one hundred more schools."

We need one hundred more schools than we have and Hylanism has provided two! What an indictment of Hylanism!

As this administration has exploited the poor in their markets and foodstuffs so it has exploited them in something as precious to Americans as their daily bread—education. Hylanism promised nearly four years ago that if it were given the warrant to govern the city part-time in the schools would be no more. "Equal opportunity for the poor man's children and a seat for every child" was its cry, and more as the result of that than any other issue it won victory at the polls.

And after forty-four months in office there are one hundred thousand more children than there are seats. Regardless of class, the hope of the Republic is possible of achievement only through the education of today's children—to-morrow's citizens. To deny the children of the poor the opportunity of education is to deny them participation in the heritage of America.

But that is what Hylanism is doing in New York, the while it squanders the funds of the city's tax-paying parents.

Close the public schools to the rich man's children, and he can avail himself of tutors and private institutions. Close the public schools to the poor man's children, and there is nothing left for them but the streets and the back lots.

Of what meanness is Hylanism not capable!

General Wood Accepts

In accepting the Governor Generalship of the Philippines General Wood has again put service to the country above all other considerations. He bows generously to the necessity of retiring from the active list of the army and of postponing his installation as provost of the University of Pennsylvania. His tour of the Philippines has convinced him that a new spirit must be infused into our insular policy. He yields unconditionally to that conviction.

Under the lax administration of the last eight years a perverted idea of the relations between the islands and the United States has taken root. The Wilson-Harrison administration catered to whims and ambitions of the Filipino politicians, representing only a small percentage of the island population. It ignored the interests of the less advanced tribes, not represented in the Philippine Legislature, and of the Mahometan and pagan elements in the southern islands. It encouraged a pushing minority, with little experience or capacity, to aspire to taking over control of the great majority under a semblance of nationality and self-government.

General Wood was one of those who originally labored to fulfill the American trusteeship in the Philippines by introducing order and material progress, building roads and schools and stimulating industry and commerce. That era of development, under McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft, was brilliantly successful. In the later Wilson era its patient ideals and methods were set aside and an attempt was made to call off our experiment and liquidate our sovereignty and obligations by a